

Here
begynneth vndo your
Dore.





T Was a squyre of lowe degre
þ loved þ kynges doughter of hū
þ squyre was curtes & kynd (gre
teche mā hi loued & was his frēde
He serued the kþge herfader dece

fully the tyme of seven yere
for he was marshall of his hall
And set the lordes bothe grete and small
An hardy man he was and wyght
Bothe in batayll and in fyght
But euer he was still mournynge
And no man wist for what thyng
And all was for that fayre lady
The kynges doughter of hungry
There wist no wyght in crystente
How well he loued that lady free
He loued her more than seven yere
yet was he of loue neuer the nere
He was not ryche of golde and fe
A gentylman borne for sothe was he
To no man durst he make his mone
But syghed sore hym self alone
And euer more whan he was wo
In to his chambze wolde he go
And throughe the chābze he toke the way
In to a garden that was full gaye
And in that gardyn as I wene
Was an arbor fayre and grene
And in that arbor was a tree
A fayrer in the woꝛlde myght none be

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The tree it was of cypresse
The fyrste tree that Jhesu chose
The soetherne wode and the spk amoure
The rebe rose and the lely floure
The bore the beche and the laurell tree
The date and also the damp se
The fylberdes hangynge to the grounde
The spygge tree and the mapyll rounde
And other trees there were many one
The pyany the popelar and the playne
With brode brannches all aboute
Within the erber and eke withoute
On euery braunche satte byrdes thre
Syngynge with grete melodye
The laueroke and the nyghtyngale
The ruddocke and the woodwhale
The pye and the popynge
The throstell sange bothe nyght and daye
The martele and the wyenne also
The swale we wyppynge to and fro
The jaye Jangled them amonge
The lakke began that mery songe
The sparrowe spredde her in the praye
The maups sange with notes full gaye
The nothawke with her notes nuwe
The sterlynge set her notes full trewe
The goldespyche made full mery chere
Whan she was bent vpon a brier
And many other foules mo
The osprell and the thrush also

But leue of that stewart here
 And speke we moze of that squyer
 How he to his chambre wente
 Whan he past fro that lady gent
 There he arayed him in scarlet reed
 And set his chapelet on his heed
 A belte a bout his sydes two
 With brode barres to and fro
 A horne about his necke he caste
 And forth he wente than at the laste
 To do his offyce in the hall
 Amonge the lordes grete and small
 He took a whyte yerde in his hande
 Before the kynge than he gan stande
 And soone he set him on his kne
 And serued the kynge full ryally
 With deynthe metes that were dere
 With partryche perycocke and plouer
 With byrdes in byrde ybake
at the The tell the duche and the drake
 The cocke the curlew and the crane
 With fesauntes fayre there where no wane
 Bothe storkes and turtles there were also
 And venyson fresshe of bucke and do
 And other deynthes many one
 For to sette afore the kynge anone
 And whan the squyer had doone so
 He serued the hall bothe to and fro
 Eche man hym loved in honeste
 Wyse and lowe in theyr degre

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So dyde the kynge full sodenly
And he wyll not wherfore nor why
The kynge behelde the squyer well
And all his reymente euery dele
Hym thought he was the semelyst man
That euer in the worlde he sawe of than
Thus sate the kynge & ete ryght nought
But on his squyer was all his thought
A none the stewart toke good hede
And to the kynge full soone he pede
And soone he tolde vnto the kynge
All theyr wordes and theyr wo wynges
And how she hyght hym lande and fe
Golde and syluer gete plente
And how she sholde his leue take
And become a knyght for her sake
And thus they talked bothe in fere
And I dye we me nere and nere
Had I not come in betwyle
The squyer had layen her by
But whan he was ware of me
Full fast a waye gan he fle
That is southe lo here is my hande
To fyght w hym whyles I maye stande
The kynge sayd to the stewart tho
I maye not beleue it sholde be so
Nath he be so bonayze and benynge
And serued me syth he was ynge
And redy wth me in euery nede
Bothe trewe in worde and che in deede

I maye not leue by nyght noꝝ daye
My doughter dere he wyll betraie
Noꝝ not to come her chambꝛe nye
That fode to fonde with no folye
Toughe she wolde to hym consente
That louely lady fayre and gente
I trowe hym so well withouten drede
That he wolde neuer do that dede
But yf he myght that lady wyne
In weddelocke to wolde withouten synne
And yf she wyll assente hym tyll
That squere is woꝛthy to haue none yll
Foꝝ I haue seen that many a page
Haue become men by marpage
Then it is semly to that squer
To haue my doughter by this manere
And eche man in his degree
Become a loꝛde of ryaltee
By foꝛtune and by other grace
By herytage and by purchase
Therfore ste wade be ware here by
Wyflame hym not foꝝ none enuy
It were grete ruthe he sholde be spylte
Oꝝ put to dethe withouten gylte
And moꝛe reuth of my doughter dere
Foꝝ chaungynge of that ladyes chere
I wolde not foꝝ my crowne so ne we
That lady chaūged hyde oꝝ he we
Oꝝ foꝝ to put thy solle in drede
But thou myght take theym with y dede

for yf it maye be founde in the
That thou them same for enuyte
Thou shalte be taken as a felon
And put full depe in my pylon
And letered fast vnto a stone
Tyll xii. yeres be comen and gone
And drawen With hoys throught this eyte
And soone hanged vpo a tree
And yf thou may thy selfe excuse
This dede thou shalte no waye refuse
And therfore Steward take good hede
How thou wylte answere to this dede
The Stewarde answered With grete cury
That I haue sayd I wyl stande therby
To suffre dethe and endlesse wo
Sy? kynge I wyl neuer go therfro
For yf that ye wyl graunt me here
Strength of men and grete powere
I shall hym take this same nyght
In chambze With your doughter bryght
For I shall neuer be gladde of chere
Tyll I be venged of that squire
Than sayd the kynge full curteysly
Vnto the Stewarde that stode hym by
Thou shalte haue strength ynough w the
Men of armys .xxx. and thre
To wathe that lady moche of pryce
And her to kepe frome her enmyes
For there is no knyght in crystente
That wolde betraye that lady fre

Jacobus Sumell (antiquary)

Paradise

